

A
P O E M

T O

Sir Roger L'Estrange,

ON HIS

T H I R D P A R T

OF THE

HISTORY of the TIMES;

Relating to the

D E A T H

O F

Sir EDMUND BURY-GODFREY.

By Mrs. A. B E H N.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall. 1688.

M O P



*Gift of
J. Pierpont Morgan*

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Printed for Knatchbull, Topley, near Stationers-Hall. 1888.

WAS all in all, the very best Divine;
 T'was Thou form'dst Souls, and by a Power sublime;
 E'er the vast World was from the Chaos made;
 Twixt the Firm-bow of Heaven, and being laid;

POEM

As Useless in the Politics, and Great
 Then Friend and Foe, in Courts and
 And thence kind by all the Race of Man;
 Sir Roger L'Estrange, &c.

IN what loud Songs of everlasting *Fame*,
 Shall we adore the great *L'Estrange's Name*;
 Who like a pitying God, does *Truth* advance,
 Rescuing the *World* from stupid Ignorance.
Truth, which so long in shameful Darkness lay,
 Raises her shining Head, and views the Day.

Truth, the First-born of Heaven! and Being had,

Ere the vast World was from the Chaos made!

'Twas That form'd Souls; and by a Power sublime,

Was all in all, the very Word Divine:

Till Man by Vice and Villany betray'd,

By Perjury and false Ambition sway'd,

Banish't the Noble Vertue from its Seat,

As Useless in the Politick, and Great.

Then Fraud and Flattery first in Courts began;

And thence assum'd by all the Race of Man:

Grave Judges, Church-men, and whole Senates now

Ev'n Laws and Gospel, were corrupted too.

By these misled, the restless People Range

Into a Thousand Errors, New and Strange;

To every God, to every Idol-Change.

Unknown

The Law of Life, his Image truly torn,
 Unknown Religions first their Poyson hurld,
 And with New Lights Debauch'd the giddy World,
 Not the Rebellious, Stubborn Hebrew Race,
 More false forbidden Worships did Embrace.
 Hence Universal Feuds and Mischiefs rose,
 And Friends to Friends, Parents to Sons were Foes,
 The Inspir'd Rabble, now wou'd Monarchs Rule,
 And Government was turn'd to Ridicule:
 No Magistrates, no Order, was Obey'd,
 But New Club-Laws, by Knaves and Villains made,
 From Wapping Councils, all Decrees went out,
 And managed as they pleas'd the Frankish Rout.
 Then Rely'ries, Treasons, Murders, did ensue,
 And total Diffolution seem'd in View.
 For false God's appointed found no Place,
 And in this Senate, most in danger was

The *Lord of Life*, his *Image* rudely torn,
 To *Flames* was by the *Common-Hangman* born.
 Here Noble *Stafford* fell, on *Death's* great *Stage*,
 A *Victim* to the *Lawless* Peoples rage.
 Calm as a *Dove*, receiv'd a shameful *Death*,
 To Undeceive the *World*, resign'd his *Breath*;
 And like a *God*, dy'd to redeem *Our Faith*.

**Tyburn*. At * *Golgotha*, they glut the'r *Insatiate Eyes*
 With *Scenes* of *Blood*, and *Humane Sacrifice*,
 Men *Consecrate* to *Heav'n*, were pierc'd how'd
 For *Sport* and *Pastime*, to the *brutal Crowd*.
 The *World* ran *Mad*, and each *distemper'd Brain*,
 Did *strange* and *different Frenzies* entertain:
 Here *Politick Mischiefs*, there *Ambition* sway'd,
 The *credulous* *Rest*, were *Fool* and *Comard-Mad*.

The Wiser few, who did th' Infection shun,
 Were *these* most lyable to be undone:
 Honour, as Breach of Priviledge, was detected,
 And Common Sense, was Popishly affected.

Thus *bashful* Truth was *kill'd* on our Shore,
 And none the *frighted* Kirtue durst restore:
 No *Perseus* found the *Monster* to Out-brave,
 And from the *fatal* Rock, the *Virgin* save.
 No *Caius* the vast *Precipice* would leap,
 That *Rome* might from the dire *Contagion* scape;
 Till like a *sewing* *Angel* o're the Land,
 You, *Mighty Sir*, stretch'd your all *Conquering* Hand.
 You tun'd your *Sacred* Lyre, and stopt the Rage
 Of this *abandon'd*, this *dintemper'd* Age.

B

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The

By the soft force of *Charming Eloquence*,
 You cas'd Our *Fears*, and brought us back to *Sense*.

By You the *fatal Riddle* was reveal'd,
 Which *Hell's Dark Malice* long had keep't conceal'd.
 You pointed out the *Hand* that did the *Deed*,
 For which so many *Innocents* did *Bleed*.

'Tis plain! and he denies the Noon-day light,
 Who questions the vast Reason which you write.
 'Tis brave! 'Tis Noble *Truth*, *Divinely spoke*!
 Detecting *Knaves*, who willingly mistook;
 It shews the *Source* from whence the Mischief broke.

The Melancholly *Self-Murthrer* You trace
 Thro' his *Death-searching Paths* e'n to the fatal *Place* :

The

The *Picture* you have drawn so Just, so True,
We have the very *Fact* it self in view.

And with a just disdain those *Authors* hate,
Who on the *Innocents* transferr'd his *Fate*;
A *Sacrifice* to save a *vile Estate*.

'Tis You alone these Truths to be admir'd
Have Writ, as with a *Fiery Tongue* Inspir'd.
This *Crowns* your *Labours*, makes your *Works* compleat;
Which, like your *self*, are eminently Great.

F I N I S.